



THE COLONIST.



Vol. II. Subscription Rates—\$3.00 per annum ST. JOHN'S, N. F., MONDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1887. Single Copies—One Cent. No. 255.

BY TELEGRAPH.

4000 Persons Drowned by Floods.

Anarchism in Chicago.

The Crown Prince is Better.

Release of Gen. Boulanger.

A Riot in Trafalgar Square.

240 Police and Citizens Injured.

Military Called out and 50 Arrests Made.

Sir Chas. Tupper leaves for Washington.

HALIFAX, Nov. 14.

Fearful destruction by floods has occurred in Hosenan, China. Four thousand persons were drowned, and hundreds left destitute.

The Anarchists threaten the death of the Governor of Illinois, and the sheriff and prosecuting attorneys of Chicago.

The Emperor William, of Germany, is reported much stronger, and the Crown Prince's throat is much better.

Boulanger is released.

The police authorities forbade processions approaching Trafalgar-square on Sunday. The Radical Socialists arranged plans to force the way, but four thousand police guarded the approaches. Socialists attempted to pour in in every direction, but the police dispersed each group on arrival. A fierce fight ensued in which two hundred citizens and forty police were injured. Infantry and cavalry were summoned to assist the police. Fifty arrests were made.

Allan and Dominion weekly steamers are making Halifax and Baltimore their winter ports. Tupper leaves for Washington tomorrow.

Special to the Colonist.

Gov'nor Blake at Placentia.

The Governor and Secretary Fitzgerald Visits the Mineral Region.

PLACENTIA, this forenoon.

Governor Blake and secretary left here this morning en route for the capital. His Excellency visited Cliff Silver and Broad Cove mines, and expresses the highest opinion of them. Had we been apprised earlier of his visit, a more suitable reception would have been tendered him.

CAPE RACE DESPATCH.

CAPE RACE, today.

Wind N.W., strong, fine and clear. Steamer Roman passed west at 7 a.m. yesterday. Nothing today.

OUR ADVERTISING PATRONS.

Auction—Water Co. stock. W H Mare, Son & Co Cheap coal. John Steer New job lots. R Harvey A Card. Miss Smyth Wanted—a general servant. ap this office Children's clothing. Miss Mercer Great attraction. W Grieve & Co

AUCTION SALES.

Water Company Stock.

Tomorrow (Tuesday) at 1 o'clock, in the Commercial Sale Room.

70 Shares in the St. John's Water Co.

(Belonging to an Estate.)

W. H. MARE, SON & CO., Brokers.

nov10,4i,t,f,s,m.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Cheap Coal!

NOW DISCHARGING AT—

JOHN STEER'S Wharf.

ex schooner Rosemary,

A CARGO OF PRIME ROUND

SYDNEY COAL.

Cheap for Cash.

nov14,3i,t,h&s

WANTED.

A Gener'l Servant

nov14 lip. Apply at the COLONIST Office.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

129, Water Street. 129.

WE ARE NOW OFFERING

A Job lot Women's I.R. Shoes, at 1/6 per pair

A job lot of Felt Boots

A job lot of Girls' Felt Boots—from 3s

A job lot of Fur Tippets—from 2s. 6d.

Black Fur Trimming: Brown Fur Trimming

Black Astrachan: Brown Astrachan

Bag Muffs from 10s 6d each

Jersey House Jackets

A job lot Women's and Girls' Lambswool Hose, at half-price.

nov14

R. HARVEY.



Public Notice.

WHEREAS THE NUMBERS UPON Houses within the limits of the Town of St. John's, put there according to the provisions of the Acts of the General Water Company, have, in certain cases, been defaced, attention is called to the following provisions of the Act 50th Vic., Cap. XVI., Section 24:

"For greater facility in the imposition and collection of the rates and assessments, aforesaid, and in the transaction of the affairs of the said Company, it shall be lawful for the said directors to Number and Mark the Houses and Buildings within the limits of the Town, and everyone convicted of altering or defacing any such Numbers, without lawful authority, shall be subject to imprisonment for a term not exceeding One Week, or to a fine not exceeding Five Dollars, to be recovered in a summary manner before a Stipendiary Justice, and levied by distress and sale of the offender's goods."

And all parties concerned are hereby notified that if within Fifteen days from this Notice, the said Numbers are not restored, the penalty provided by the said Act will be rigidly enforced.

By order,

THEO. CLIFT,

oct21,1m. Secretary General Water Co.

For Sale--Cheap!

One New and one Second-hand

PIANO!

At G. KNOWLING'S,

nov11,f,p,s,m&w,t,f late P. Hutchings.

Owners of Real Estate.

IF YOU HAVE A FARM SITUATED

within two or three miles of the town and wish to sell or lease the same, or if you have Dwelling Houses or Building Lots situated in or near the following localities:—New Gower street, east, Theatre Hill, Queen's Road, Long's Hill, King's Road, Centre of Duckworth street, Brazil's Square, Allan's Square, British Square, George's street, Princes street or any other street near the centre of the town, and wish to sell or lease the same, you are invited to call at my office where your property can be disposed of at short notice and to your satisfaction. Scarcely a day passes that I don't receive applications for Dwelling Houses and Building Lots in these localities. Please call or write to

JAS. J. COLLINS.

Notary Public and Real Estate Broker.

Office: 9 Princes Street. | sep6,2m,f,p,eod

Selling Out

A LOT OF

200 Choice Hams

At 7½d. per lb.

GEORGE E. BEARNS,

nov11,2iv,fp Water-street, near Job's.

EDUCATIONAL.

MISS LYNCH, A CANADIAN

Teacher of many years experience, wishes to inform the public of St. John's, that she has taken rooms at 109 New Gower Street, for the purpose of opening a first-class day-school. Persons desirous of securing a thorough English education for their children should consult with her at once. Also French and music on reasonable terms. Apply at 109 New Gower Street. nov2,2w,eod

CARD.

MISS SMYTH HAVING REMOVED to No. 70 Water Street, will be prepared to take a few more Pupils for the Pianoforte, about the 21st inst. Terms moderate. nov14,6ifp

New Advertisements.

MISS MERCER

Having an Overstock Children's Clothing,

CONSISTING OF—

DRESSES, UNDERCLOTHING, DOLMANS, ULSTERS, COATS, &c.

nov14,2i

Is disposing of them at Greatly Reduced prices for Cash.

GREAT ATTRACTION!

Still - Greater - Reductions!

FOR CASH AT—

W. Grieve & Co's.

Men's and Boy's Lamb's Wool Shirts, Drawers and Socks

Men's Dress, Regatta and Flannel Shirts

Collars, Braces, Scarfs, Ties, Gloves, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Leggings, &c

Ladies' and Children's Hosiery

Boots, Fur Caps, Gloves, Corsets, Mantles and Ulsters

Frillings, Skirts, Ribbons, Shawls, &c., &c.

DIAGONAL COATINGS, PILOTS, TWEEDS.

Tapestry, Curtains, Cretones, Window Hollands, Velvets, Silks, Satins, Ribbons—four and five-ply beehive: Wool, Alloa, Yarn, Stair Carpets, Hearth Rugs, Linen and Cloth Sheetings, Table Cloths, &c.

ALL OFFERED AT COST.

A rare chance for purchasers to lay in a stock of useful and first-class Dry Goods. nov14,m's,w's&s's,tem

Choice New Creamery Butter

JUST RECEIVED BY

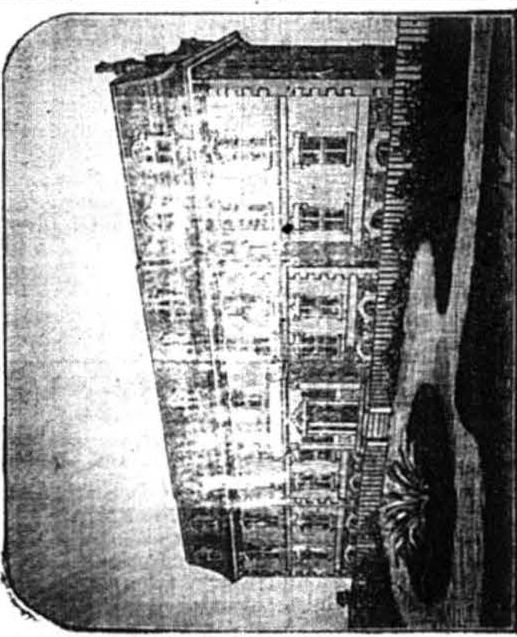
JOHN A. EDENS,

50 Tubs New Creamery Butter—finest quality.

BEST IN THE MARKET. INSPECTION INVITED.

Also, 100 Tubs Choice Nova Scotia Butter.

nov8,fp,tf



Under the distinguished patronage of the Most Rev. Dr. Power.

BELVIDERE ORPHANS' BAZAAR.

OPEN TO-DAY.

In the Star of the Sea Hall.

ADMISSION --- 10 CENTS.

Prof. Bennett's band will attend at opening. Admission—20 cents (first day); Adults 10 cts. all other days; Children, 5 cents.

Contributions of work or money will be gratefully received by the Sisters of the Convent and the Ladies in charge of the tables. nov7

"The Gloucester."

The Gloucester Tarred Cotton Line

Is undoubtedly the Best Banking Line Made.

IT IS twenty per cent. stronger than any other Cotton Line.

IT IS more easily handled than any other Cotton Line.

IT WILL stand more rough usage and wear better than any other Cotton Line, and it is the cheapest Cotton Line in the market. Made in all sizes. See that every dozen bears the trade mark, "THE GLOUCESTER." None other genuine. oct15fp,tf,eod

Government Notice

EDWIN MCLEOD

Commission Merchant.

DENVERARA.

ESTABLISHED TWENTY YEARS.

THE AUTOMATIC Whistling Buoy, moored off POWLES' HEAD, Trepassy, has been brought into that Harbour, and will not be replaced this season. By order,

W. R. STIRLING,

Board Works Office, 19th Oct., 1887. pro Sec.

Special attention paid to the purchase of W. I. Produce and Sales of Fish. sep25,1y,fp

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ARCADE Hardware Store.

Cut, Wrought, Galvanized & Dory

NAILS.

Powder, Shot, Caps, Muskets.

GLASS, PUTTY, SASHES.

Bedsteads -- all sizes.

PAINTS AND BRUSHES.

Also, a full assortment of Hardware.

CHEAP! CHEAP! CHEAP!

—AT—

M. MONROE'S

339 Water Street, 339.

nov4,fp,tf

Prospectus!

NEW BOOK:

Ecclesiastical History of Newfoundland.

By REV. M. F. HOWLEY, D.D., P.A.

[Now in the hands of the printers—to be published about Christmas, 1887.]

THIS WORK, THO' MAINLY A HISTORY of the rise and progress of the Catholic Church in Newfoundland, contains besides many interesting and hitherto unpublished documents, maps and engravings, illustrative of our general history and the early history of America.

The Ecclesiastical part contains an extensive compilation from an unpublished manuscript by the late Right Rev. Dr. MULLOCK, as also autograph letters from the Catholic Bishops—Drs. O'DONNELL, LAMBERT, SCALLAN, &c.; documents from the Archives of Quebec, Propaganda. A short sketch of the lives of all our Old Priests, with anecdotes of their missionary labors, &c. The rise and progress of our Educational Institutions, Industrial and Benevolent societies, &c.

The book will be published by subscription, at \$2.50, in cloth binding.

Orders for the work will be received at the COLONIST Office; and will be forwarded by mail, postage prepaid, upon receipt of subscription price. Persons desirous of obtaining local agencies will receive full particulars upon application to

P. R. BOWERS,

sep7 COLONIST Office, St. John's, N.F.



Water Rates.

Revision of Special Appraisalment and the Appraisalment of Vacant Lands.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY Given in accordance with the provisions of the Act 50th Vic., cap. 16, entitled "An Act to amend and consolidate the Acts relating to the General Water Company," the Books of Appraisalment of Vacant Lands, and also of Special Appraisalments, made since the last triennial valuation, were on this day deposited with the undersigned at the Court-house, in St. John's, where they will remain open for the inspection of all interested therein, from the 10th day of October, instant, until the 10th day of November next, from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. on each day (Sunday excepted). The revision of the said Rates, in accordance with the said Act, will commence on the Eleventh Day of November, at the same place, during the same hours, for the period of one month, before the Court of Quarter Sessions for the said district.

R. R. W. LILLY,

Clerk of the Peace Central District. Court-house, St. John's, October 18, 1887.

CHANGE of CURRENCY

Until further notice we will take in our Retail Departments, in exchange for Goods, Cents at their face value, viz.:

TWENTY CENTS TO THE SHILLING.

nov12,2ifp G. KNOWLING.

Cheap Floor Oil Cloth.

—AT—

J., J. & L. FURLONG'S.

3, ARCADE BUILDING, 3.

nov11,3ifp

A HORSE FOR SALE.

FOR SALE (OR GIVEN OUT for the Winter), a nice young horse; given on trial in any harness. Apply at the COLONIST office, nov12,2ifp

Select Story.

Wedded and Doomed!

By author of "Set in Diamonds."

CHAPTER LIII—(Continued.)

What could she do! Ah! if young girls tempted to do wrong, tempted to commit follies, either of love or concealment, could have seen the expression of torture on that beautiful young face, it would have warned them to pause—always to pause and reflect—before doing what could never be undone. The only hope she had of safety now would be to urge her husband to leave the Manor House before the appointed time. It would be difficult she knew, because he had much to do before leaving, and many engagements to keep; but she would try.

It was with the courage of despair that she went on the morning following to Lord Chandos, who was busied in the library over some accounts. She looked so fair and so fragile, her singular loveliness was so apparent, her delicate face and figure struck him as it had never done before. He rose, hastily and went to her; he kissed the sweet face that wore a mask of happiness and calm for him; he placed a chair for her and stood bending over her—the most loving, the most solicitous of husbands.

"Ray," she began, slowly. "I am not much stronger this morning; I am not much better. This is the second of June, what date have you really decided on—for going?"

"The fourteenth," he replied. "I do not see how it will be possible for me to get away before then."

"The fourteenth," she repeated. "Why, that will be nearly two weeks." Her heart sank, for she knew well that it would be impossible now for her to remain here two weeks without seeing the man who had begun to call almost daily at the house. "I wish," she said, gently, "that we could go sooner than that."

"Do you? I will try, but I hardly think it possible. I have arranged the journey for the fourteenth," and he paused a few minutes. "Do you wish so much to get away, Una?"

She laid her white hands on his; she looked up into his face with pleading eyes. He never dreamed that she was pleading for life.

"I should like to go, Ray," she said, "if you can manage it. Perhaps, if you think it over, you may find it practicable."

"I have so many engagements," he answered, with a puzzled air. "I have a meeting of all the tenants on the seventh; there is a political meeting at Ryestone on the eighth. I must absolutely attend both those, and you would not like to go without me, would you?"

"No, I could not bear that," she answered—she must be with him.

"I think I could manage it for the tenth," he said, "but no sooner; and that I would not do for anyone but you, my Una. I can give up my engagements for the tenth and twelfth. We will go on the tenth, Una."

She clung round his neck and kissed him, with tears in her eyes. She thanked him as though he had saved her life, when he had actually done nothing but shorten the days of her stay at the Manor.

"I am saved," she said to herself, as she went back to her room. "I can surely manage to keep out of his sight for eight days, and then I am saved. Oh, if but once I can get free!"

And then she lost herself in thinking how happy she should be when once clear of this—once away from the Manor, where the black shadow brooded by day and by night.

CHAPTER LIV.

Most young wives in the same sad position as Lady Chandos must inevitably have betrayed themselves, must have given some sign of their mental emotion, must have found someone to share the burden. She had bravery and courage enough to have rendered her good service in a better cause. She shielded herself on the plea of ill-health, and no one who saw her ever doubted the truth of it.

She had grown pale and thin, but her

beauty was as great as ever. And now she began to feel a little more at ease; only eight days more to pass and she would be away in bonny Scotland, away from the peril and danger that attended her here. Surely for that short space of time she could manage. With the renewed hope of escape, came back some signs of health and happiness; a faint color returned to the pale face, a smile to the pale lips; she talked more with Haidee, laughed and jested. Haidee took to herself the credit of having helped to cure her, and she talked more openly every day of her love and her lover. One of Haidee's favorite theories was that nothing cures one so quickly, either of physical or mental distress, as growing deeply interested in the sorrows or pleasures of others. Haidee grew more light-hearted as she saw her sister improve, and those few last days at Herne Manor House were very pleasant ones. The young auntie and the children were great friends; they had merry games at ball, and famous races; Lady Chandos, sitting looking on with great delight. She was always on the alert now; at the least sound she was ready to fly; she was never for one moment off her guard. The preparations for departure went on gayly; there was a great packing of boxes and portmanteaus. One thing struck the servants, and they remembered it afterward: their lady spoke always of going away, but never of returning. Three days passed, nothing had been heard of the new tenant, and her fears for the moment subsided. Lord Chandos had not spoken of him once. One warm June evening, when the breath of the air was all roses and the western sky was aflame with crimson and gold, some visitors were dining there, and during dinner the conversation turned on the coming political meeting at Ryestone, and Colonel Philips, one of the guests, asked eagerly:

"Have you secured the vote of your new tenant, Lord Chandos—the tenant of the Valley Farm?"

"I have not thought of it," was the reply. "I do not know if he takes any interest in the matter; but I will ask him."

The result of which was that on the day following, Lord Chandos rode to the Valley Farm, but Mr. L'Estrange was not at home; a message was left for him, saying that if he were in the neighborhood of the Manor House, Lord Chandos would be glad to see him before the meeting at Ryestone. He did not think to mention so small a matter to his wife, neither did he know, for certain, what day or what hour he would come. It so happened that husband and wife were together in the Queen's Room when his name was announced. Lord Chandos was writing at the table, Undine stood restlessly at the window, from which she had been watching the children play on the Queen's Walk, listlessly looking out on that gorgeous panorama of green and gold.

It was like the shock of doom to her when the maid announced: "Mr. L'Estrange is waiting to see you, my lord." For one minute she felt as though she were riveted to the ground, the next there came on her a wild, mad impulse to fly—anywhere out of sight, where he could not find her.

Gently and noiselessly she opened the glass door. Lord Chandos did not hear her, and she stepped out. She walked slowly for some few minutes, with a white, ghastly face, her eyes wild with fear; then when she reached the grounds, she flew swiftly, as one runs for dear life.

Ran fleetly—swiftly, to hide in the thick green coverts of the park. At that moment she was mad with fear. She would not take refuge in her own room, least they should go there in search of her; or anywhere in the house, least they should find her, and she should receive a message to say that her husband wanted her.

She knew that if once she received that message, she must obey it, but if she could so contrive that the message should never be delivered to her, then she was all right. She could tell Lord Chandos if he asked any questions, that she did not know he had sent for her.

She had a presentiment that he would send for her, and of all the pain she had ever suffered since the time of her unfortunate folly, none was so great as this she felt hiding amongst the green trees on which the June sun shone.

(to be continued.)

Under the Distinguished Patronage of His Lordship Dr. Macdonald.

THE LADIES OF THE CATHEDRAL (Parish, Harbor Grace, intend holding, in the T. A. Hall, on the 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th December, a XMAS TREE, for the purpose of raising funds for the erection of a new Episcopal residence.

Contributions will be thankfully received by the following ladies who form the committee.—Mrs. John Strapp, president; Miss S. Kennedy, vice-president; Mrs. Connell & Mrs. Mary Murphy, treasurers; Mrs. Farrell, Mrs. R. Lahey, Mrs. Colbert, Mrs. Shea, Mrs. McKinnon, Mrs. Whitten, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Thomas Hanrahan, Miss Goff, Miss F. Green, Miss Madge Jones, Miss Mary Hanrahan, Miss Scully.

MAGGIE WICKHAM

Secretary.

Matches. Matches.

Just Received Per S.S. Iceland from Boston.

MATCHES IN 10 GROSS CASES,

Zinc Washboards in bds. of half dozen each.

JOHN J. O'REILLY.

270 Water-street, 43 & 45 King's Road. oct26.

GILLETT'S
POWDERED
LYE
99 PER CENT
PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap, Softening Water, Disinfecting, and a hundred other uses. A can equals 20 pounds of Soda.

Sold by all Grocers and Druggists.

E. W. GILLETT. TORONTO.

Teachers; Players; Singers

Should now select and purchase Music Books for their use and pleasure during the ensuing Fall and Winter.

Oliver Ditson & Co. issue Sheet Music in such immense quantities that it is perfectly impossible to advertise it. All new publications are faithfully and intelligibly described in their interesting and valuable Monthly Musical Record. (\$1.00 per year) which every one needs.

Look out for the imprint of Oliver Ditson & Co., on the music you purchase. They do not care to publish anything but the best music, and their name is a guarantee of merit.

Send for Lists, Catalogues and Descriptions of any Music or Music-Book wanted.

NEW AND POPULAR BOOKS

Plantation and Jubilee Songs:—Newest and best collection. 30 cts.

Emanuel:—Oratorio by Trowbridge. \$1.00

\$9.00 per doz. New. An American Oratorio.

Jehovah's Praise:—Church Music Book. \$1.

\$9.00 per doz. Emerson's newest and best.

United Voices:—For Common Schools. 50 cts.

\$4.80 per doz. Just out. Charming School Song Collection.

ANY BOOK MAILED FOR RETAIL PRICE.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., BOSTON.

spt26

Notice to Mariners

The New Fog Horn,

(OFF GALLANTRY)

now located North of Hunter's Island (le aux Chasseurs), at a distance of about 50 yards from the Shore, will play from the 1st of March next, every time FOG AND SNOW will make it necessary.

The Sound will last for Six Seconds, with an interval of One Minute between each blast. February 2nd, 1887.

Minard's Liniment.

CURES—Rheumatism, Diphtheria, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Headache, Ear-ache, Toothache, Cramps, Bruises, Sprains, Coughs, Colds, Quinsy, Erysipelas, Colic, Hoarseness, Burns, Bronchitis, Numbness of Limbs, Contraction of Muscles, Piles, &c.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS.

STILL ANOTHER!

GENTS.—Your MINARD'S LINIMENT is my great remedy for all ills; and I have lately used it successfully in curing a case of Bronchitis, and consider you are entitled to great praise for giving to mankind so wonderful a remedy.

J. M. CAMPBELL,

Bay of Islands.

Minard's Liniment is for sale everywhere.

PRICE—25 CENTS.

may18,3m,2w

THE COLONIST

Is Published Daily, by "The Colonist Printing and Publishing Company" Proprietors, at the office of Company, No. 1, Queen's Beach, near the Custom House.

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Correspondence and other matters relating to the Editorial Department will receive prompt attention on being addressed to

F. R. BOWERS,

Editor of the Colonist, St. John's Nfld.

JOHN SKINNER,

—DEALER IN—

Italian and American Marble & Soapstones.



NOTE.—Best stock, artistic and substantial work guaranteed. Sample sheet and estimate sent to any address on application.

Cement and Plaster Paris on Retail. See our Show-Room.

TERRA NOVA MARBLE WORKS.

Opposite Star of the Sea Hall, Duckworth Street, St. John's, Newfoundland. oct26,3w,tey

Standard Marble Works.

287, New Gower Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

I invite the public to inspect my large and very excellent stock

—OF—

HEADSTONES, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, MANTELPieces, &c.

At rates sufficiently reasonable to defy competition. I guarantee solid stock and the best of workmanship. Export orders solicited. Designs cheerfully furnished by letter or otherwise.

ap20,3m,fp,w&s

JAMES MCINTYRE.

The Nfld. Consolidated Foundry Co., Limited.

Reg to acquaint the public that they have now on hand, a variety of

Patterns for Grave and Garden Railings and for Crestings of Houses, &c.

AND WOULD INVITE INSPECTION OF SAME.

All Orders left with us for either of the above will have our immediate attention.

June6

JAMES ANCEL, Manager.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE

Insurance Company.

(INCORPORATED IN GREAT BRITAIN)

[ESTABLISHED A. D., 1809]

RESOURCES OF THE COMPANY AT THE 31ST DECEMBER, 1882:

I.—CAPITAL
Authorized Capital.....£3,000,000
Subscribed Capital.....2,000,000
Paid-up Capital.....500,000

II.—FIRE FUND.
Reserve.....£544,576 19 11
Premium Reserve.....362,188 18 2
Balance of profit and loss acct.....67,895 12 6

III.—LIFE FUND.
Accumulated Fund (Life Branch).....£3,274,835 19 1
Do. Fund (Annuity Branch).....473,147 3 2

REVENUE FOR THE YEAR 1882.
FROM THE LIFE DEPARTMENT.
Nett Life Premiums and Interest.....£469,075 5 3
Annuity Premiums (including £108,992 2 4 by single payment) and interest.....124,717 7 1

FROM THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Nett Fire Premiums and Interest.....£1,157,073 14 0

£1,750,866, 7 4

The Accumulated Funds of the Life Department are free from liability in respect of the Fire Department, and in like manner the Accumulated Funds of the Fire Department are free from liability in respect of the Life Department.

Insurances effected on Liberal Terms.
Chief Offices,—EDINBURGH & LONDON.

GEO. SHEA,

General Agent for Nfld.

LONDON & LANCASHIRE

Fire Insurance Co

Claims paid since 1862 amount to £3,461,563 stg.

FIRE INSURANCE granted upon almost every description of Property. Claims are met with Promptitude and Liberality.

The Rates of Premium for Insurances, and all other information may be obtained on application to

HARVEY & CO.

Agents, at John's, Newfoundland.

The Mutual Life Insurance Co.'y,

OF NEW YORK. — ESTABLISHED 1843.

Assets, January 1st, 1887.....\$114,181,963
Cash Income for 1886.....\$21,137,179
Insurance in force about.....\$400,000,000
Policies in force about.....130,000

The Mutual Life is the Largest Life Company, and the Strongest Financial Institution in the World.

No other Company has paid such LARGE DIVIDENDS to its Policy-holders; and no other Company issues so PLAIN and so COMPREHENSIVE A POLICY.

A. S. RENDELL,

Agent at Newfoundland.

Feb13,

Daily Colonist.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1887.

RIOT IN LONDON YESTERDAY.

The riot in London yesterday was evidently a serious one. The socialists of London require a severe check. A body of them recently invaded Westminster Abbey and acted in a barbarous manner. A despatch stated that after planting a red flag inside the Abbey many of the unexpected visitors remained covered and indulged in whistling, while others mounted pedestals of the various statues or mingled with the decent people present, who mostly left the building. The crowd, as a rule, chewed tobacco and expectorated everywhere, regardless of the surroundings, until the first lesson was announced, when the reader was loudly jeered, completely drowning his voice. The second lesson was similarly received. Canon Prothers then preached a sermon—taking for his text Romans, xii., 6. In his discourse he argued that the punishment of the lawbreaker was necessary for the good of the community. This was received with cries of "Oh, oh," and "Bosh." The preacher earnestly appealed for order and exhorted his hearers to try and uproot evil and plant good instead. "That's what we are going to do," was shouted, and was received with cries of "Hear, hear," and cheers. Canon Prothers now threw his notes aside and addressed himself directly to the roughs. He said, "Legislation could alone provide a remedy for hunger and suffering, but everybody could express sympathy." (Loud laughter, followed by a voice, "That's all we shall get!") Cannon Prothers continued, "Charitable agencies might do much." A voice, "We don't want charity, we want work." The rev. gentleman enlisted the attention of the mob when he advocated State assistance in times of distress. At the close of his remarks the mob hissed and marched out of the Abbey and cordially cheered their comrades in waiting outside. The whole crowd then proceeded, shouting and hooting, to Trafalgar square, where the leaders denounced the Church and the police. Several arrests were made of brawling persons and thieves.

An Eldorado for Hunters and Sportsmen.

The numbers of deer on the island have largely increased of late years. From a gentleman who has had many opportunities of knowing, we have heard the number estimated as high as over 10,000. This has not taken place to any extent on the Peninsula of Avalon; but in the interior and western parts of the colony, the increase has been very great, owing to the fact that their natural increase has not been prevented, as it used to be formerly, by the ravages of wolves. The trappers have killed out the wolves with poison, so that for some time past one of these ravenous animals is rarely seen, where formerly they abounded in immense numbers. They were very destructive on deer and left the bones of hundreds to bleach upon "the barrens." It seems incredible, to suppose that the number of deer has increased to the extent of 10,000. Our informant assures us, however, that a herd was seen recently in such vast numbers, that it took them three hours to pass a certain point of observation. Even though there should be considerable exaggeration in this statement, there can be no doubt that large numbers, in fact thousands of deer can be had for the hunting, at the present time, in Newfoundland. The Government surveying party, under Mr. J. P. Howley fell in with several herds; and have been living on venison during the greater part of the summer and fall.

We are also credibly informed that the rivers and many of the lakes throughout the Island are stocked with trout.

THE POLICE FORCE.

We understand that Sub-Inspector Holt, of Harbor Grace, has been dismissed from his office. The Government have allowed him a year's salary on his retirement. This is a step in the right direction, and we are glad that the Government have at last seen the advisability of curtailing the large expenditure on police account. At present a "small garrison" of police occupy Harbor Grace, with a large number of officers. This, we contend is not required. Heretofore a handful of men, under an efficient sergeant, were quite sufficient to keep the peace in that district. We hope the Government will reduce the force and do away with the cavalry.

Yesterday, the Feast of our Lady's Patronage, the Bishop confirmed eighty-three males and one hundred and seventeen females. These candidates were prepared either by the Christian Brothers, the Nuns, or Rev. Professor O'Brien. Amongst the clergymen present were the Venerable Archdeacon, the Pastor of Winchendon, U.S., the clergy of the Cathedral, and Rev. William Ahern, master of ceremonies. The Superior and Brothers of the Christian schools were in full force zealously looking after some fifty of their charge.

VERY REV. DEAN CLEARY.

Interesting Sketch of a Well-Known Newfoundland Missionary Priest.

(concluded.)

The last few years of the Dean's life, from 1876 to 1881, were spent in seclusion, and then for the first time he had a permanent assistant in his extensive parish. He had lived too long in the past to mingle actively with new scenes and systems. He retired to contemplate the past and prepare for the future. There is something very sad and sacred in those musings of general old age. The grave old man of heaped up memories, to whom nothing is strange or new or exceptional, whose light has passed over all the hidden places of life, and departs from them now with no unkindly gleam, has about him an unearthly air. He wears an expression that nothing in life except life's long protracted ending can give. It is begotten of the fulness of mortal experience, and its meaning is read in those words *consummation est*.

Since about 1878 the Dean, then far advanced in age, yet retaining still much of the power of his iron frame, had fallen mentally into a childish state. In this condition the writer beheld him a few years before his death in 1881. He recognized no one and was fretful at times. It was the chafing of a strong and active spirit bound in darkness, all unconscious of its own yearnings, groping for the light that lies beyond.

There was always an unfailing remedy for this restlessness. This was to seat the good old man in the vehicle that had so often borne him to the remote ends of his parish to the homes of the sick and poor. Then his face lighted up, and all his ancient energy seemed to return. He imagined he was setting out on a sick call. Love of duty outlived reason, and almost the vital principle in this heroic priest, and filled him to the last with a happiness as God-like in its source as it was childlike in its display. It became almost a daily care of the Dean's assistant and successor in the parish to humor this admirable passion of the noble old man.

The history of the Church and of the world presents no picture more sublime and touching than his. The comic features of the spectacle—the motionless carriage, the clutched reins that guided nothing, the voice and whip upraised to urge the imaginary steed—all vanish before the lesson imparted of loyalty, tenderness and truth. After an hour thus seated in his carriage in the coach-house, the Dean would suffer himself to be led back to his room, comforted by the consciousness that he had performed his duty.

So lived and died a man the world will never reckon among its great. The world has, indeed, no rule or measure for greatness like this. The world deems such a life madness and its end without honor, because the light of justice hath not shined unto, and the sun of understanding had not risen upon it. (*Wisd. v.*)

There is no other language that has an equivalent for the Irish phrase "Soggarth aroon," and no other people that feels in the least, as far as our observation goes, the meaning or the emotion that phrase conveys to the Irish ear and heart. In continental countries the seminarist is constantly warned in spiritual direction of the dangers to himself of being much with and to the people outside the strict duties of his office. The continental priest, at home or abroad, though he is often a model ecclesiastic and a zealous missionary, is seldom, if ever, the popular priest, the friend, confidant, and familiar of his flock, the "Father John or Tom, God bless him," of his parish or district. In fact the foreign priest or missionary is moulded, from the marrow out, into the ecclesiastic. The Irish priest remains always a man. No other priest in the world know their people so thoroughly and instinctively as they. This is one characteristic that distinguishes the Irish missionary from all others, and makes them successful even among those not of his race, and esteemed and trusted by those not of his creed.

Another mark of the Irish missionary is his practical common sense, and, we may call it, *utilitarianism*. He is a founder and builder of something solid, tangible, lasting, rugged, perchance, yet religious. We have always admired more than any other the statue and picture of St. Patrick, which represent him holding a complete little church in the crook of his left arm, and with his *Bacal* in his right hand to show that he is setting out to plant that church somewhere. Whoever conceived this notion had a better idea of St. Patrick, of his mission, his work, and the genius he transmitted to his Celtic successors in the priesthood, than the mystic who pictured him driving the snakes over the Giant's Causeway. It is the ambition of every Irish missionary to build at least one church, and every Irish missionary who gets half a chance, does it. Some build ten and some have built twenty. He knows that when his voice is stilled and his labors over, the temple he raised will speak and work out the work he began. His idea is to get his flock together rather than pay them single, occasional visits. Where there is a church there will be a gathering, and when there is a gathering there the Lord is in the midst, building up his kingdom in the hearts his people by grace and the sacraments. But this subject would lead us too far. Enough if we have succeeded in distinguishing by its main features the character of the Irish Missionary Priesthood in our sketch of the Dean who was its perfect type.

Extracts from the Journal of an Early Settler.

(continued.)

April 27, 1853.—Spring has begun to open her buds. The cold mantle of winter has almost disappeared and nature again smiles. When man first beheld the snows of winter settling round him, what must have been his thoughts? Could he imagine that again the warm glow of the sun would dissolve the frost and snow, and that the birds again would chant their merry notes? If he did not know, as perchance he did not, what feelings of intense agony, of suspense, he must have felt during the weary months; what horror at the declining days and increasing cold, at the snow-drifts piled and the rivers still in their icy shrouds; and then how his heart must have bounded as, after his long waiting, he saw the snow dissolve, the rivers loosed from their banks, the days increase and the glorious orb of day give forth more warmth and light? From the lowest depths of despair to the extreme bounds of hope and pleasure he has come. He walks exultant and knows the earth is free. He has learnt another of nature's laws, and for the future will be prepared for its recurrence. As I thought thus and gazed out on the country and heard the birds, and felt the warm air steal through the open window, I felt better than I have felt during nearly a year. Though we are now nearly alone, (there being but myself, my wife and my sister Anne,) yet I have become more happy and contented. The graves of our father and sister always remind us that henceforth Camelot is our home. The name that we gave this place also adds to its age, calling up, as it does, all the legends of Prince Arthur and his valiant knights. And with Verdulam next us, who live at Camelot, this far-distant island, by its associations, become native and as much our home, if not more so, than that other island which is ruled by fanatics, stained with the blood of their lawful king. I took up the "*Mort D'Arthur*," and opening it at random the passage which took my eyes was this: "And King Pellam lay so many years sore wounded and might never be whole till Galahad, the haughty prince, healed him in the quest of the Sancgreail; for in that place was part of the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, that Joseph of Arunathy brought into this land, and there himself lay in that rich bed." So even here can the spirit of the past move us, and at the slightest touch of the poet's finger does it all come back.—Sir Galahad, Sir Tristrem, the wicked Sir Lancelot du Lac and the fair lady Genevieve, and the magician Merlin, with his wand, changing the gloom and ruggedness of this Avalon into that other vale with the tourneys, strifes and crimes of Arthur's court. It is strange that such fanciful thoughts as these should arise within me this morning, as I gaze upon the snow-spotted landscape and cheerless surroundings of this desolate isle. My sister Anne, who is somewhat studious, has imbued me with a love of those ancient English romances and legends, the considerations of which has, to a great extent, lessened the gloom of our sojourn here and thrown a spirit of poesy and content about our gloomy lives, when communion with the living is altogether denied us in this place.

October 24th, 1855.—We are now preparing to reap our harvest, which this year has been good, and exceeded our hopes. Since we have been here we have never had any difficulty in raising sufficient for our support; and indeed it seems strange to me that large colonies should be sent out to settle new countries, seeing that they rarely if ever succeed, whereas on the other hand individuals in many instances manage to work and live comfortably. Settlers should be independent and able to work separately, and of themselves then the dissatisfaction of one or more would not, in any degree, influence the rest. Settlements would not be broken up as they are now where one man or a company of men lead out, as the Romans did, a colony and engage to provide for the whole in consideration of their services. When, of course, no one being thrown on his own resources, no improvement is made either in the land or in the individual's fortune. The country in which our lot is now cast though not tropical, yet the climate is lusty and the air invigorating; a country that ought to rear a race of hardy seamen with its frowning rocks and mighty harbors. The soil, too, is fit to produce any grain and vegetables necessary for our use. We have in our fields now ripened wheat, barley, oats and beans, though in small quantities, yet I know that if large quantities were required, though the seasons are late, yet much could be procured. We have also a large quantity of that vegetable which Sir Walter Raleigh brought to Ireland—the potato—and this appears to take kindly to the soil and grow in great abundance. The animals of the country are not many, though the deer are plenty and of magnificent size. One I

*Vide letter from Capt. Wynn, Ferryland, to Sir George Calvert, in England, dated 17th Aug., 1624, quoted in Kirk's "Conquest of Canada":—"We have wheat, barley, oats and beans, eared and codded, though the late sowing of them in May, or the beginning of June, might occasion the contrary, yet they ripen so fast that we have all the appearance of an approaching, plentiful harvest."

J.R.J.

shot three days since, about a mile and a half of space from our house, was a splendid animal with towering antlers. When the shot entered his body he made one tremendous bound and fell lifeless. The flesh is tender and palatable. The only wild animals I have seen are the wolf and the bear. The former is often seen about our place, but the bear not so often. The foxes are plentiful and their fur is excellent for clothing, as is also that of the otter which is often taken by the coast. The flesh of the hare makes excellent food so that while we have naught to fear from the disturbance of wild animals, yet there are sufficient of those to supply us with food; of which, thanks to a merciful Providence, we have never had a scarcity. The summer is pleasant, though, in winter time, the cold being sometimes intense, the absence of occupation makes it a difficult matter to pass the long hours pleasantly. Reading is our only solace at this period, but our library is scanty and contains little, but the English poets—Chaucer, Spenser, Southwell, and the dramatists Shakespeare and Marlowe, &c., together with some prose works, and a copy of Horace. Small though this is, yet one can never tire of such masters, re-reading only serves to bring out new light and new thoughts before overlooked. My sister Anne has a great love for those books, but my wife, though not devoid of intellect, still cares little about books, and, fortunately for us, tends chiefly to the material cares of a household.

(to be continued.)

THE POLICE COURT.

Two cases under the license act, and a civil action for seamen's wages were the business before Judge Prowse today. The license cases were against a woman named Hart for selling without a license. Mr. Bennett, a brewer of this city, from whom the beer was purchased, was called to the stand, and in the course of his examination admitted that what was sold as botanic was one and the same liquor as Bavarian beer. The woman was fined \$10 or twenty days. The second case was against the Riverhead Brewery for selling under a wholesale license less than two gallons. It having been admitted by the Brewery truckman that as small a quantities as one dozen beer, porter, etc., were sold at the one time in half pint bottles, the manager of the Brewery was fined \$10. The next case was that of seaman's wages, which was not finished up to the time our reporter left court.

Correspondence.

The Editor of this paper is not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

NOTES FROM PLACENTIA.

(To the Editor of the Colonist.)

DEAR SIR,—The following is the result of this year's fishery here, which may be of interest to you:—The arrival of bankers Delight and McCoy, last week, the former with 450, the latter 250, ends this year's voyage, and I think that this year, as well as last, we can, without boast, lay claim to the largest voyages ever yet landed in this country, or I may say in American waters. The *Souris Light*, belonging to E. Sinnott & Co., commanded by Captain M. Boland, will weigh out in dry quintals 3,400 or over. The *Delight*, Captain Williams, 3,300, and W. & A. Bradshaw's P. L. Whitten, 3,100, commanded by Captain Frank Barrow. There were sixteen vessels engaged in the bank fishery out of this place this summer, employing about 230 fishermen, and the total of their combined voyages will make 32,600 quintals dry fish. Cape boats did fairly well, some of the large ones went a trip or two on the banks and were rewarded with good fares. The August gale did considerable damage to trawl gear and cables, and the greater number of our vessels were on the banks at the time but fortunately came through without loss of life. The good results of the bank fishery here, for the past few years, have put new life into the place. It was a slow place when W. & A. Bradshaw ventured their first banker in this business, then the voyage opened late and ended early in the season, but now all this is changed, our vessels are the first on the fishing ground and the last to leave it. In fact this great industry now gives employment to numbers the year round, and let us hope that as yet, it is only in its infancy, and that each year may add an additional number of good vessels to our fleet. The outlay at first is heavy in this business, and to embark therein capital or good credit is required, and above all, experience in the handling and curing of fish, together with energy and perseverance. Negligence and want of the proper knowledge of the cure of fish not only keep down the profits of those engaged therein, but also help to glut our already restricted markets with an inferior and almost unsaleable article. This should not be. We possess a climate superior to any for the cure of hard, dried fish. We are experiencing keen competition in some of our best markets, with French bank fish, and to meet this we should endeavor to place our fish on the markets in the best possible condition.

Placentia possesses many natural advantages for handling large voyages, one of which is our

famous Beach Spread-out, on which 100,000 qtls. seems lost, so great is its extent. This beach is composed of smooth, oval stones, laying open to the sea, and is considered superior to flakes. Help, at times this summer, was difficult to obtain, the handling of so much fish giving employment to men, women and children. And I would suggest that there is an opening here for many more industrious and willing hands.

Mining prospects continue to improve. Placentia, Nov. 10. * * *

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

The steamship Ontario is landing her cattle today.

Gemmell's men are at work on the steamer Cremon.

The lawyers are getting up their cases for the fall term.

Cloudy, muddy and showery is our weather bulletin today.

The rain pour last night was one of the heaviest of the season.

Large numbers of outport craft arrived on Saturday and Sunday.

There are three vessels on the dry dock. It has given a great deal of work this summer.

A telegram was received on Saturday night to the effect that Dr. Thomas Howley is steadily improving.

Sergeant Dawe has the thanks of the community for his energy in dragging shebeen keepers before the court.

More than 50 per cent of the graduates of the Michigan College have become farmers, according to President Willis.

The funeral of the late Mr. William Bride was accompanied to Belvidere Cemetery by the B. I. Society this afternoon.

The British cabinet has resolved to continue the present vigorous policy in Ireland, especially as regard speeches at proclaimed meetings.

Messrs. P. & L. Tessier received, on Saturday night, the following telegram from Captain Cole, at Colon, Panama:—"Dahlia abandoned; crew here."

Fathers O'Reilly and Murphy, nationalists, have been forbidden to visit O'Brien in Tullamore jail. Dr. McElroy and Father Murray, anti-nationalists, were admitted to the prison.

The Rev. M. J. Clarke, P.P., of Torbay delivered with great felicity of language, a well-sustained discourse in the Cathedral, last evening, on the power of the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The police are at last making efforts to crush out the "shebeen" business. Seven cases were before the court during the last few days. If the police continue to manifest this determination they could remove these plagues from the city. The moral character of our young men must be preserved, and this load of care must be lifted from mother, sisters and wives.

The bazaar, no doubt, will be the centre of great attraction tonight. No tickets will be taken. Just pay an admission of ten cents, for which you will hear some excellent playing and singing. Besides four or five solos and two instrumental pieces, a trio "Believe Me," from Verdi's opera, and two quartettes "Farewell But Whenever" and "Happy Be Thy Dreams" will form principal part of the programme.

We are in receipt of the two first numbers of "The Collegium" a new candidate for journalist favor, issued monthly by the students of St. Dunstan's College. It is neatly printed and gives promise of promoting the interests of education. It is pleasant for old students of St. Dunstan's to see the names of honored friends of that institution taking a lively interest in its welfare; and we hope the friends of denominational education, who were without the advantage of any advocate in the press of the Island, will support "The Collegium," so that it may become a large weekly sheet.

Mr. G. C. Francklyn, who is under arrest in New York on the charge of appropriating \$3,000,000 that did not belong to him, was one of the most impressive of the ultra-English set of New York society. He was a swell of the ponderous order. His horses were seventeen hands high, his servants innumerable, and his carriages heavy-wheeled, big of body and of sombre tint. When he went to the theatre footmen attended him to the door of his box and assisted him with his wraps. In attire he was up to the very letter of the English mode. He interested himself in racing, the breeding of fancy stock, and the other fads of the New York Anglomaniacs.

DEATHS.

OSBORNE—This morning, after a lingering illness, Anne, the beloved wife of Thomas Osborne, aged 66 years. Funeral on Wednesday at half-past 2 o'clock, from her late residence, Stephen-street, friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend without further notice.

THE DAY OF JUSTICE

For Struggling Ireland is Near at Hand—
Persico's Most Important Mission.

The proposed conference of Irish landlords and tenants, from which Archbishop Walsh and so many friends of Ireland throughout the three kingdoms had hoped great good would come, is now given up, thinks Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, still at Glengarriff, and still observant of all that happens around him. He adds: The landlords, backed by the London Times and that portion of the British press that echo its blind and brutal bigotry, have made up their minds to accept no compromise. They have staked what is left of their fortunes and their very existence as a class on helping Salisbury and Balfour to carry out their pet project of "twenty years of unflinching coercion." It is a pity that the statesmanlike proposal of the archbishop of Dublin, heartily endorsed as it was by Archbishop Persico, could not have been seriously and honestly entertained by the great landed proprietors. It would put a stop to the campaign of evictions which has already begun, and which will continue all through the autumn and winter. This would, practically, have taken away every pretext for coercion, and the question of home rule might thus have been studied zealously in Ireland itself by the English committees who are now travelling over the country, and pushed on vigorously in England by the active Propaganda already inaugurated. But Providence is using the unreasoning and unscrupulous policy of the government to hasten the coming of the day of justice for this oppressed people. No long crusade undertaken to change public opinion in Great Britain in favor of home rule, no patient and protracted constitutional method of discussion and agitation, could have so suddenly and so powerfully aroused the sentiments of a free and wrong-hating people than the massacre of Mitchelstown and the farcical trial and noble speech of William O'Brien. The revelations forced from the police sergeants and inspectors during the long coroner's trial of the Mitchelstown murder came upon the English mind like a flood of light. It is now the Tory government itself, and with it the long and iniquitous system of British misrule in Ireland, which is on trial at Mitchelstown. The jury is the whole British empire, the whole English-speaking world. The verdict, even at this stage, in the proceedings, is no uncertain one.

THE SALISBURY GOVERNMENT IS DOOMED.

They will have to step down and out, and with them there will be an end to Irish landlordism. Archbishop Walsh, the spokesman of the nation, offered this desperate class the last plank which might have saved them from shipwreck. They have rejected it as if it had been a snare for their destruction. The Irish agricultural masses are thoroughly roused. What has happened in Mitchelstown and Fermoy, and the murderous neglect of the officials in Kilkenny jail, resulting in the death of poor Larkin, all this is talked about daily and nightly in every cabin in Ireland. And let me tell the readers of the Sun that there is not a group of straw-thatched hovels even amid the desolate mountain slopes of Glengarriff, or among the half depopulated valleys of the neighboring Kerry, to which the daily Irish papers and such American journal as the Sun do not find their way. Men, women, children, the old and the young, the strong of limb and stout of heart, as well as the infirm and the aged, read or listen to every line, weigh every word, while their souls are fired with righteous anger or saved from despair by the sympathy and the succor which come to them from beyond the sea. The Irish people, unarmed as they are, and surrounded by the double array of a well-armed and disciplined constabulary and some 40,000 regular English soldiers, are not cowed by the prospect of the conflict which the government evidently wants to force upon them. Naturally brave, and accustomed, generation after generation, to oppose their bare bosoms to the weapons of the pitiless men who wreck their little homesteads and drive forth their wives and children, like the brood of the wolf from its lair, it would only need the passive acquiescence of their priests or a word of encouragement from the political leaders to see the stalwart sons of Tipperary and Cork, of Clare and Kerry, hurl themselves like a thunderbolt on the armed battalions sent hither by Balfour to protect the unholy work of eviction and extermination. How many of the cowardly ruffians led into Mitchelstown by the inhuman Brownrigg would have escaped their lives had not such men as generous John Dillon and his clerical friends been at hand to arrest and appease the storm of popular fury?

THERE LIES THE DANGER AT PRESENT.

The long-smouldering fires of a people's wrath, fed year after year by such cruel wrongs—such widespread and unnecessary wrongs, as the Kingston and Luggacurran and the Woodford evictions—are ever there ready to blaze up and burst forth uncontrolled at such provocation as that so perversely and deliberately given them of late by the local landlords, the local authorities and the castle officials. It is an unspeakable blessing that the Irish clergy and the Nationalist leaders are so united in the present crisis. They

can and will prevent the battle for popular rights and national justice from becoming one between an undisciplined crowd, armed only with the ash saplings, and the Gatlings guns, the rifles, the bayonets, and cavalry sabres advised by the London Times and its coadjutors in misrepresentation and provocation to hatred and bloodshed. The fury with which the anti-Irish press in London and Dublin, as well as in the provinces, strive to impel the government to adopt the most extreme coercive measures, is only a sign that the battle is going against them. The blind obstinacy with which the Orange and landlord classes in Ireland second the endeavors of their leaders in England tell but too plainly that they consider the present as their last opportunity to secure the hateful domination which has wrought a nation's woe, and all but effected the extermination of a whole people. Experienced mariners, after successive days and nights of tremendous weather, know with certainty when the cyclone has reached its highest pitch of violence, and bear its brunt with the consciousness that the worst will soon be over. So will the struggle of the Irish race for justice, national freedom and self-government pass out of its present extremity of violence and pitiless oppression, on the one hand, of a patient resolution, half mixed with despair and sustained by a consciousness of right on the other. The oppressor has to count day by day and hour by hour, with

THE INDIGNATION OF THE WORLD

flashed back by the electric wires not only from all the capitals of Europe, but also from the chief cities of Australia and America. Salisbury and Balfour will crush Ireland if they can; they have promised themselves and their followers to do it, and now is their opportunity. But this also is Ireland's opportunity to baffle the hopes of her enemies, and with God's blessing, she will profit well by it. Her people, sorely tried as they are, with hearts aflame with the recollection of centuries of wrong, with every nerve tortured by the sufferings of the present, and stung to the utmost tension by the mad and just passion of revenge—her people will bear and suffer on for a season. It will be the last. I rejoice that Archbishop Persico is here to see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears. He does not conceal the purpose for which he was sent. The Common Parent of Christendom knows that the supreme crisis of Ireland's fate was at hand. He would have one whom he loved and could trust to represent his fatherly solicitude, to be near the Irish in the struggle. The English Daily Chronicle is again at its old trade of manufacturing reports to and from the Vatican on Irish subjects. Archbishop Persico is now the personage whom the press conspirators of England make use of to forward their own unhallowed ends. They know the truth of Voltaire's watchword to his anti-Christian followers:—*Mentez, mentes hardiment il en reste toujours quelque chose* (Lie away, lie boldly; some of the lies will always remain). Vainly has the Pontifical envoy denied in the most emphatic manner what they maintain he has written. The lie has been started on a fast express train, and who will overtake it? But it is no less certain that Leo XIII. is not the man to forsake Ireland in her extremity, or to withdraw from her suffering people a sympathy which is a part of himself. The London Times and its bad imitator, the Chronicle, have adopted the very worst means for alienating from an oppressed and faithful Catholic nation the affection of the Supreme Pontiff, by the systematic coining of falsehood. There is upon earth one man at least who only regards justice and truth in dealing with governments and people.

The London Standard warns the Canadians against the unwise attempt to cultivate rabbits in British Columbia, pointing out the disastrous consequences following their growth in New South Wales, where they are now so numerous that stoats and weasels have been exported from Britain to destroy them.

Max O'Rell says this is the Scotchman's daily prayer: "O Lord grant that today I may take in nobody and that nobody may take me in. But if, oh Lord, thou canst only accord me one of these favors, grant that nobody may take me in. And he has to be very clever indeed who succeeds in taking friend Donald in."

A gentleman expatiated on the justice and propriety of an hereditary nobility. "It is not right," said he, "in order to hand down to posterity the virtues of those men who have been eminent for their services to the country, that their posterity should enjoy the honors conferred on them as a reward for such services?" "By the same rule," said a lady, "If a man is hanged for his misdeeds, all his posterity should be hanged too."

"Why, Harry," said a lady to a small boy who was crying in the street, "what's the matter?" "Mother whipped me!" groaned the boy. "Well, don't you think you deserved it?" "No, I don't. I came purty near gettin' drowned, and if I had, then wouldn't she have cried her eyes out? And just because I didn't, and came home a little wet, she gives me a whippin'. Next time I'll get drowned and teach her how to treat a fellow—boo-hoo!"

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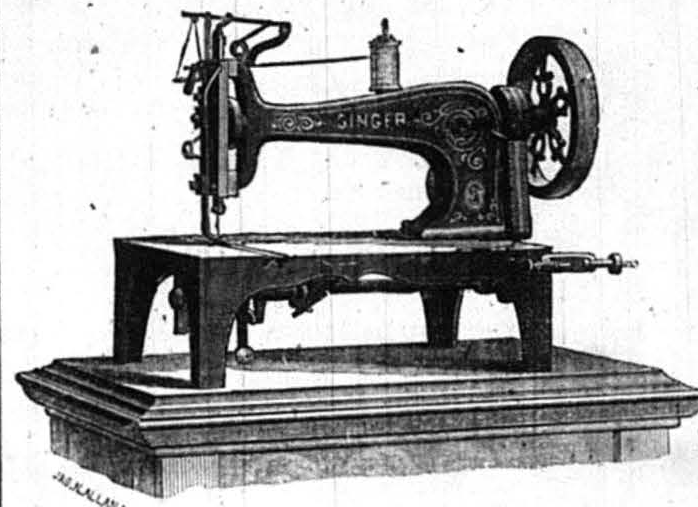
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